

# Song Of The Sockeye

w/ Ross Cumbers; m/ Phil Thomas

The musical score is written on three staves in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The first staff begins with a 'capo-3' instruction. Chord symbols are placed above the notes: Am, Am, C, C, Am, G. The lyrics are: 'Oh, hark to the song of the sock-eye Like a si-ren's call of'. The second staff continues with chord symbols Am, Am, G, G, Am, Am. The lyrics are: 'old; When it gets in your blood you can't shake it It's the'. The third staff ends with chord symbols Am, Em, Am. The lyrics are: 'same as the fe-ver for gold.'

There's a hole in the BC coastline  
River's Inlet's the place I mean  
And it's there you will find the old-timer  
And also the fellow who's green

Oh, the boats head for there like the sockeye  
And some are a joy to the eye  
While others are simply abortions  
And ought to be left high and dry

Now, they go to the different canneries  
And before they can make one haul  
It's three hundred bucks for net, grub and gas  
Which they hope to pay off before fall

Then it's off to the head of the inlet  
At six o'clock, Sunday night  
But when morning comes and you've got about three  
The prospects don't look very bright

Of course, there is always an alibi  
To account for a very poor run  
The weather is wrong, the moon's not full  
Or the big tides will help the fish come

Along about dusk, when you're starting to doze  
And think you've got a good night's set  
An engine will roar as you look out the door  
And some farmer toes into your net.

Now some of us think of the future  
While others have things to forget  
But most of us sit here and think of a school  
Of sockeye hitting the net

And when the season is over  
And you figure out what you have made  
You were better off working for wages  
No matter how low you were paid

For the comforts of home are worth something,  
So take it from me, my friend,  
Frying pan grub and no headroom  
Will ruin your health in the end.

So hark to the song of the sockeye  
Like a siren's song of old  
When it gets in your blood you can't shake it  
It's the same as the fever for gold